Were it not pitty that this goodly boy,
Should loſe his birth-right through his fathers fault?
And long heereafter, ſay vnto his Childe,
What my great Grandfather and Grandſire got,
My careleſſe father fondly gaue away?
Looke on the boy, and let his manly face,
Which promiſeth ſucceſſefull fortune to vs all,
Steele thy melting thoughts,
To keepe thine owne, and leaue thine owne with him.

King. Full well hath Clifford playd the Orator,
Inferring arguments of mighty force.
But tell me, didſt thou neuer yet heare tell,
That things ill got had euer bad ſucceſſe,
And happy euer was it for that ſonne,
VVhoſe father for his hoording went to hell?
I leaue my ſonne my vertuous deeds behinde,
And would my father had left me no more:
For all the reſt is held at ſuch a rate,
As askes a thouſand times more care to keepe,
Then may the preſent profite counteruaile.
Ah coſin Yorke, would thy beſt friends did know,
How it doth greeue me that thy head ſtands there.

Queene. My Lord, this harmfull pitty makes your followers faint.
You promiſd Knight-hood to your Princely ſonne,
Vnſheath your ſword, and ſtraight way dub him Knight,
Kneele downe Edward.

King. Edward Plantagenet, ariſe a Knight,
And learne this leſſon, Draw thy ſword in right.

Prince. My gracious Father, by your Kingly leaue,
Ile draw it as apparant to the Crowne,
and in that quarrell, vſe it to the death.

North. VVhy that is ſpoken like a toward Prince.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. Royall Commanders, be in readineſſe,
For with a band of fifty thouſand men,

Comes

Comes *Warwicke*, backing
And in the Townes where
Proclaimes him King, and
Prepare your battels, for t

Clif. I would your high
The Queene hath beſt ſucc

Queen. Do good my Lo

King. VVhy that's my fo

Clif. Be it with reſolutio

Prin. Good Father chee
Vnſheath your ſword, ſwe

Clif. Pitch we our batte

Enter th

Edw. Now periur'd *Hen*
And kneele for mercy at thy

Queen. Go rate thy Mini
Becomes it thee to be thus
Before thy King, and lawful

Edw. I am his King, and
I was adopted heyre by his

George, Since when, he ha
For as we heare, you that ar
(Though he do weare the C
Haue cauſd him by new acte
To blot our brother out, an

Clif. And reaſon George
Who ſhould ſucceede the fa

Rich. Are you there butch

Clif. I Crooke-backe, hee
Or any of your ſort.

Rich. T'was you that kild

Clif. Yes, and old Yorke t

Rich. For Gods ſake Lord

War. VVhat ſaiſt thou *He*

Queen. VVhat, long tongu
VVhen you and I met at Sain